The Glass Bead Game

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The Glass Bead Game

by DarkDreamsOfHannigram

Summary

Will wakes up and finds himself in a devious predicament.

Notes

With the utmost apologies to Hermann Hesse for the title, but it was just too good to pass up.

When he woke up, it was dark. He had no way of knowing how long he'd been asleep, but imagined that Hannibal had given him some kind of mild sedative, after he'd shown up at his house late at night, coherent, but shaken from a case. Hannibal had given him some wine, and then his memory got clouded from then on.

It took a few moments to realize that he actually had just assumed it was dark, and that, in truth, he was blindfolded. The fabric was so soft and non-restrictive on his face, he had thought he may have covered his own eyes with one Hannibal's incredibly expensive sheets. But now that he tried moving a little, he realized he was not covered at all, and certainly not above the neck.

The reason for his inability to move was suddenly obvious; he was bound, and flat on his back. His arms were out to the sides, quite straight, and rather firmly anchored. However, his legs were not quite so restricted. One was bent upwards, towards his chest. The other was straight, and flat against the bed. And there was pressure, encompassing his cock, and also inside of him. The first sensation was unfamiliar, but the second was not. Hannibal had put something in his ass, a plug or…

Oddly, he couldn't lift his right leg- the straight one – up at all, but only move it out to the side, sliding along the sheet. And when he did, the object inside of him slid out somewhat; not all the way.

Does he mean me to fuck myself? If so, how am I supposed to…

He brought the bent leg up towards his chest, and realized that the thing was pulled back into him that way. Right leg out, left leg up…he tried it gradually, slowly, at first, but found the pace instantly maddening, especially in light of the pressure around his cock, which was quickly becoming erect, due to the stimulation against his prostate.

I have to slow down, he thought. *Try to understand what is going on and why he did this to me.*

Will experimentally brought his bent leg up higher, and….realized that now that he was fully hard, there was something firm and almost cold pressing against his cock, something that would slide up when he moved, and down again, perhaps, he reasoned, with the force of gravity. *Something heavy? Metal?* No…a glass bead, and a weighty one. Tied to the shaft of his cock, which was bound in a way he could not hope to understand without looking at it. When it reached the top, the bead, which was on the underside of his length, would come to rest just under the base of the head, where the sensitivity was greatest. And the more he worked the other object in and out of his ass – also, he reasoned, glass – the harder he got, and the more the bead put pressure on his length.

The process was a tricky one. He found that if he moved his right leg out slower, and his left one up faster and harder, it maximized and coordinated all the sensation. It was a strange simulation of being slowly fucked and masturbated simultaneously, but more fluid and controlled than if by hands.

All this trial and error had brought him to a point where he was beginning to shake. It was teasing, too little, too much, hard to regulate. He now understood what was going on, but not why. That was beyond him at the moment, as the capacity for rational thought was beginning to slip away.

I must look quite the sight, he thought, realizing that his frustration was increasing steadily with every movement, every slide, every stroke.

Will stopped his movements, rethinking the situation. He must be meant to get himself off this way, and by coordinated movements. *It won't be impossible, but it will take mental control, and blocking out all other thoughts*, he understood. It was something that Hannibal had set up to put him in a different state of mind. All the half-measures he'd been employing thus far wouldn't work.

A series of deep breaths. Focus on the state of arousal. The pressure inside of him, the slide of the various objects, the tightness of the ropes.

He began again, realizing that the speed of the movement of his bent leg should be just half that of the outstretched one. It was fitting that there be some kind of mathematical precision to this. More force on one, smoother movement on the other.

Soon he found the rhythm he needed. He was surprised how quickly it brought him close to the edge. But still not over it, so incredibly close. *Maybe a little harder, a little faster*…

The subtle change was the right direction to take it in, and he found himself falling over that longed-for edge. Once he did, the rhythm faltered, but by then it didn't matter. He came hard, gasping, and sounding very loud in his ears in the quiet room.

When it ended, his breaths were harsh, but even. Still so quiet; the voice startled him so much, he straightened his leg involuntarily, almost pulling the thing in his ass completely out.

"That was very beautiful, Will. It took you much less time to solve the puzzle I set you to than I expected."

"You've…you've been there the whole time?"

Of course, Will thought, feeling foolish for not realizing. That was the part that he had missed, before. He was so focused on himself. But it was obvious that Hannibal would be sitting there watching him. He wouldn't have missed it for all the world. Hannibal's capacity for stealth never ceased to amaze him. It was then that Will could hear the unmistakable sound of a hand, moving fast, stroking a thick and slickened cock. Not only had he been watching everything Will had done, but he was slowly stimulating himself the entire time, and now he was almost ready--

"You must be very thirsty," Hannibal said, voice rather thick and dark.

A few gasps, and then: "Open your mouth."

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